AMERICAN CEREAL CO.

Clothing House

few Spring and Summer Goods remaining upon our tables AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY THEM.

Some of our immense stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS

FLY NETS

No Old Stock with Last Year's Prices Attached to Them.

G. W. GOCKEL,

GRAND DISPLAY

It Will PAY You to Visit Our Store

AN1 SEE THE LARGEST LINE OF

ŎĸŎĸŎĸŎĸŎĸŎĸŎĸŎĸĬĠŖĬŎĸĬĠĸĬĠĸĬĠĸŎĸŎĸŎĸĬĸ

FURNITURE, CROCKERY

NOVELTIES and FANCY PIECES

To be found in one house in the State.

Our Prices are Below Competition!

Our New Upholstered Rockers are Dandies,

FROM \$2.50 UP.

AND LOWEST PRICES.

IS IN CHARGE OF A. B. FAIRCHILD. Which is a Guarantee that it will be well done.

W. A. JENKINS & CO

No. 8, Phenix Block.

Until Sept. 1st

Negligee Shirts - -

Woolen Underwear - -

already in. Don't fail to examine them.

Respectfully,

WHEN INDREED OF

A Great Reduction will be made

Preparatory for Fall, we are going to dispose of the

FINE SUITS,

75c,

78c,

BUSINESS SUITS,

WORKING SUITS.

RAVENNA, O.

Vol. 27, No. 3

RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1894.

Wide In offe

WHOLE No. 1355.

Cleveland & Pittsburgh Div-ENDSUIVANIA LINES.

A "Size" in a Coat is an inch; in Underwear, two inches; in Socks, one inch; in Collars, half an inch; in Shoes, one-sixth of an inch; in Trousethward.

A "Size" in a Coat is an inch; in Underwear, two inches; in Socks, one inch; in Collars, half an inch; in Shoes, one-sixth of an inch; in Gloves, one-fourth of an inch; in Hats, one-eighth of an inch. Great Bargains Hemmondsvi Irondale.... Salineville.... Summitville

Limaville "923/237/1255 525

Allianea | ar. 940/250 1355 540 31

Homeworth "956/357/155 540 31

Bayard "10 15 3 20 2 15 Dionade with the same of the s

Nos. 326 and 338 connect at Wellsville for steubenville and Bellaire. Nos. 338 and 342 connect in Union Station, Pittsburgh, for the

Daily. †Except Sunday. fFlagstop. |Meals Dark Faced Type denotes time from 12 00 moon to 12 00 midnight; Light Faced from 12 00 midnight to 12 00 noon. JOSEPH WOOD, E.A. FORD, General Manager, General Passenger agent,
5-31-44-I PITTSBURGH, PENN'A.

For time cards, rates of fare, through tickets, bagange checks, and further information regarding the running of trains apply to any Agent of the Pennsylvania Lines.

W. D. ARMSTRONG, Agent.
Ravenna, O.

TIME TABLE. CENTRAL STANDARD TIME. IN EFFEOT MAY 20, 1894 MAIN LINE.-WESTBOUND. STATIONS. No. 7 No. 3 No. 15 No. 5 P. M. P. M. 2.15 7.55 2.25 8.80 8.47 4.12 9.47 4.12 6.45 6.05 6.10 11.20 6.16 6.27 7.00 12.08 7.14 7.80 12.42 7.20 11.05 2.30 A. M. A. M. 7.20 8.16 8.35 9.03 9.00

7.30 EASTBOUND. STATIONS. No. 8 No. 6 No. 14 No. 4 OUYAH'GA FLS WARREN
DE FOREST JO
NILES
YOUNGSTOWN
NEW GASTLEELLWOOD---ZELIENOPLE 8.20 4.18 10.07 CALLERY JOCALLERY JOALLEGHENY AM. PITTSBURGH WASHINGTON
BALTIMORE -PHILADL'PHIA 6.05 6.00 11.40 9.20 7.10 Mm 6.05 8.30 11.10 1.55 1.55 1.55 A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M. NOS. 5, C, 14 AND 15 NUN DALLY. ARRIVE AND DEPART STORE B. & O. DEPOT, PITTEBURGH. NOS. 8 AND 4 DALLY SETWEEN ALLEGHENY AND DE FOREST JUNCTION. OTHER TRAINS DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY. LAKE DIVISION. No. 53 No. 19 STATIONS. No. 18 No. 52 P. M. LV. AR. A.M. P. M. 2.40 -- YOUNGSTOWN -- 9.05 ### 2.40 ###



Central time, 28 minutes slewer than Trains depart from Ravenus as follows: EASTWARD ...2:35 a. m. New York and Boston....
Local Freight
New York and Boston
New York Fast WESTWARD, —Chicago & Cincinnati Vestibule, 7:57 a.m. —Gallion Passenger 3:22 p.m. —Local Freight 4:05 p.m. —Chicago and Cincinnati 5:15 p.m.

Nos. 8, 12, 10, 5, 11 and 3 run daily. No. 10 stops at Freedom, Windham and Brace-No. 11 makes all stops to Gallion. A. M. TUCKER, Gen'l Manager, Cleveland.
D. I. ROBERTS, Gen'l Pass, Ag't, New York.
F. W. BUSKINK, A. G. P. A., Chicago.
M. L. Fours, Gen. Pass. Department, Cleveland,
JNO, E. SHARP, Ag't, Ravenna

\$2.50 CLEVELAND GROCERIES, *

Cheap Excursions Weekly™Niagara Falls WRITE FOR TOURIST PAMPELET.

Prices H. R. ROCERS, T. F. NEWMAN Gen'l Pass. Agt, [Gen'l Manager.] AT THE BOTTOM.

Ravenna, O

TABLE DELICACIES

The "Size" of your Pocket Book cuts a small figure, when you consider the "Panic Prices" prevailing at our House. "Size" your pile, and then "size" us up as to our ability to label competition a "back number" when it collides with "The Rochester" *****

on our fine stock of OXFORDS

Ladies, you now have an opportunity to buy an elegant Shoe at a price that will astonish you, even in the common parade of catchy headings of "Cut Prices," "Below Cost," &c., of the day. Our stock is all this seasons goods, of the latest styles, and

up to date" in every particular. While we still have quite a full line, we expect the prices to move them, and the early buyers will have the advantage of a wider range of selection.

We now have a complete line of the celebrated J. N. CLOYES, JOHN KELLEY, and THOS. PLATT SHOES, and other leading makes, which are winners in the competitive race for popular

Expert Foot Fitters,

Smith and Brigham.

Sub Rosa When the green gits back in the trees and Is a buzzin' aroun' again
In that kind of lazy "go as you please"
Old gait they bum roun' in;
When the groun's all bald where the hay rick

And the crick's riz, and the breeze
Coaxes the bloom in the old dogwood,
And the green gits back in the trees,
I like, as I say, In sich scenes as these
The time when the green gits back in the 500 Pairs Men's Working Pants 98c, worth \$1.25 When the whole tail-feathers o' winter tim

When the whole tail-feathers o' winter time
Is all pulled out and gone!
And the sap it thaws and begins to climb,
And the sweat it starts out on
A fellow's forrerd a-gittin' down
At the old spring on his knees—
I kind o' like jes' a-loaferin' 'roun'
When the green gits back in the trees—
Jest a-potterin' 'roun' as I—durn—please—
When the green, you know, gits back in the
trees.

-James Whitcomb Riley. A DELIGHTFUL WOMAN.

"Well, no," said the young fellow. "I don't know that I have had what you would call a quarrel with my father."

whom I had known since he was a child, "I don't think I want to talk about "But I am anxious that you should. You were honest Tom Henshaw's only son, you lived with him, shared his professional business, and he and you were what one likes to see so much in father and son-chums, companions, friends."

"Yes, that is so," said Ned, "won't you smoke? My wife has gone to an 'At She will return very soon, I hope, and then we are going to drive to Richmond to dinner, will you join "Thank you, I cannot," I replied, ighting a cigar, and waiting for Ned to

He was a successful architect, had inperited a moderate fortune, and he and his father together owned considerable "The replied with the r

gainst them, but I have known some very charming widows."

"My wife was a very charming widow," said Ned, "and she is a very charming wife, but must I tell you all

"I think so. Your father was reticent that the business strikes me as whom I am to be friends, with father or "Oh, with both," said Ned, "though I

"You speak regretfully." "Oh yes, there is no anger, and cer-tainly no malice in my feelings toward

ou I am to be friends with, but which of you is in the right."

"It was like this, you see," said Ned. When my poor mother died my father "When my poor mother died my father was inconsolable, at least for a whole year, said he could no longer live in the house, must leave it, the associations were too much for him and so on. I would not be seen and looking about him in a perplexed way, 'was that if I had were too much for him and so on. I would have this minute,' he answered. 'And what was her reply?' 'Her reply,' said my father, rising from his seat and looking about him in a perplexed way, 'was that if I had PLATED WAIRE &C. were too much for him and so on. I your full and free and absolute consent felt a good deal like that too until father she would me.' 'My free, full and abengaged a housekeeper, and the man- solute consent, I said, now repeating agement of the place began to assume its old complete style, a place for everything and everything in its place, nice breakfasts, good dinners, servants well under command, in short, the house what it had previously bear the house what is the house when the house what is the house when what it had previously been—a model establishment. Then we both settled very confession you feel may be your In CROCKERY Finest Line ever shown down again and began to find consoladown again and began to find consola-tion in our sorrow, and even something like compensation in our admirably managed establishment. I say ours your him; it seemed to me that he had acted Our Bargains in Lamps you should not let pass Our UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT

roller with my father." "Of course I remember all that," I

housekeeper, Mrs. Arkell Sinclair; my father heard of through a friend. She was only 32. Her husband had died two years after their marriage, leaving her a beggarly 50 pounds a year; she had been obliged to take a situation as a housekeeper, and she had left it not a housekeeper, and she had left it, not because she was proud, but that she solute wish; but he pushed past me because she was proud, but that she could not put up with the haughty manner and superior airs of her mistressalady of title by the way. Mrs. Sinclair had herself been very well brought up, could sing and play the piano, was well-read, and was in every way an admirable housewife. A friend advised her that she was just the woman well-read to the solution of the solution of the solution without a word as a servant entered the room. Tell Mrs. Sinclair my son wishes to speak to her. her that she was just the woman my my son wishes to speak to her.' father wanted, and my father having been introduced to her came to the BUFFALO *

VIA "C. & B. LINE."

PROVISIONS, *

PROV same conclusion. She came, she con-

cheecks once or twice during her selec-tions from Balfe. 'I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls' stirred him quite unusually. I remember that 'The Bohemian Girl' was an opera that my mother used to enjoy more than any other except perhaps 'Maritana.' My poor father was no doubt thinking of my mother, who, as you know, was in every way worthy of his love and admiration." "There could be no more sweet and

lovable woman than your mother, Ned; I was your father's best man, you had forgotten that. Ah, well, one cannot remember everything. But I am interrupting you."
"Mrs. Sinclair became more and more

the mistress of the house, and the friend of the heads thereof, my father and I. When the Italian opera came to Bath my father suggested that we should take a box and give Mrs. Sinclair a pleasant evening. It would, he said, be some compensation for the treatment she had received at the hands of a certain lady of title. I seconded him heartily in every little plan for Mrs. Sinclair's happiness. She was invaluable to us; and we were both sincere in trying to make "And yet you have left his roof, where you were so happy, and I find you here in London, while a week ago I met your father down in Bath and he said you were not on speaking terms."

"Did he?" said the young fellow, "then I suppose we are not."

"Surely the trouble has not arisen out."

we were both sincere in trying to make her understand that we were grateful. As time went on I found my self getting home at unusual hours, laying traps to catch Mrs. Sinclair for a gossip. In the midst of my work her face would come into my mind; it was a cheerful, bright face, a combination of beauty and intellected. "Surely the trouble has not arisen out | lectuality; somehow she didn't look a of your marriage?" I said, "fathers no | bit like a widow, and yet there was a longer impose their choice upon their glance in her eyes now and then thatt is the good of beating "Well, the fact is," said Ned Henshaw, about the bush-I fell in love with Mrs.

Sinclair. I didn't tell her so, but she understood it." "Back a woman for that," I said, is a matter of instinct with them." "No doubt," said Ned, "and it is a very happy thing for us fools of men that it is so. When we were alone Mrs. Sinclair and I called each other by our Christian names, she was Marie, I was Ned; in my father's presence we treated each other with ordinary courtesy. One day my father said to me, 'Ned, I want a word or two with you. I have re-solved to marry again. He was a man of few words as you know. I replied that I hoped that he had made a good choice. 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'I am sure of that, and convinced that you will approve of it. What do you think of Mrs. Sinclair? I exclaimed, 'You are old enough to be her father!' He said he was nothing of the kind, and if he were, surely that was a matter for the lady's consideration. I said I thought there might be some one else to consider besides the lady. I felt that I was pale. Something in my manner betrayed my feelings to the excited old man. His eyes were fixed upon mine. I could not look him in the face. 'Good heavens, Ned!' he exclaimed, 'you don't mean to tell me that you are in love with Mrs. Sinclair?' 'I did not mean to tell you, mysterious, and I want to know with had no thought of it,' I replied, but it is true I am in love with her. My father flung himself into a chair by the table | cell, full of disease and bedbugs and and buried his face in his hands. I walked about the room, feeling very sorry for him, but no less sorry for myself. 'Have you told Mrs. Sinclair the the lawyers. Better let me carry off ainly no malice in my feelings toward nature of your feelings toward her? he asked presently, looking up at me in a fearfully anxious kind of way that made purse."

what I've got and sleep in peace and comfort. I'll thank you for your feelings toward her? he asked presently, looking up at me in a fearfully anxious kind of way that made purse." fifty, eh?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Ned.

"Come, out with it dear fellow, it is not only that I want to know which of not only that I want to know which of not told her,' I said. 'No!' he replied, my heart ache. 'Not in words,' I said. 'Not in words,' he repeated, still looking at me, 'but she knows?' I have 'not in words,' again repeating my answer. 'Have you asked Mrs. Sinclair to become your wife? Yes, he replied. When? 'Almost this minute,

my father, my heart beating wildly What a selfish thing love is. I would loss of her. I felt as if I would like to managed establishment. I say ours, you know, because I had never left home except to serve my articles, and for the reason that I was practically joint controlled the serve my articles. The serve my articles are served as unkind and cruel part toward me, his only son. Then tears came into my eyes and I felt a perfect fool. His voice brought me to my senses. "Speak Ned." an unkind and cruel part toward me, his only son. Then tears came into my brought me to my senses. 'Speak Ned,' he said, 'speak! Have I your full, free said, "and never were two fellows better matched for business and friendship than you and your father."

"Her name was Sinclair, this model"

"Her name was Sinclair, this model" effort. I felt that he was suffering. I longed to fling myself into the old man's

Just as Ned arrived at this dramatic

ing; all this before Ned had time to in troduce us. On second thought I con-cluded to go with them to Richmond, and as we sat chatting on the terrace after dinner I could not feel surprised at the division in the Henshaw household at Bath, but I made up my mind that I would close up the breach and bring father and son together again on friend-ly if not familiar, terms; after the age of 60 one has not many missions in life -this is mine. Poor old Henshaw!

GOOD AS A GUIDE BOOK. Mow Mrs. Barnes Succeeded in Silencing a Bore.

People who have traveled are apt to think that their conversation should consist largely of descriptions of the different places they have visited. Mr. Horatio Barnes and his friend, Mr. Smith, had passed a year in Europe and had not been at home very long before Mrs. Barnes began to look upon Mr. Smith's frequent visits at the house as a kind of infliction, says the Youth's Companion. No sooner were the two men seated than they began to descant upon the glories of Paris or the beauties of some other foreign city. Mrs. Barnes had never been abroad, but she was a woman who had read widely and could converse acceptably and she decided that for the present she had heard enough about her husband's travels.

"No doubt you enjoyed Cordova?" she remarked one evening, when the gen-tlemen had reached Spain in the course of their "fireside travels." "Oh, certainly, Mrs. Barnes. Small place, but interesting," answered Mr. Smith, briskly.

"The scenery there must have delighted you and if you visited any of the homes of the nobility you were doubtless impressed by the number of beautiful paintings on their walls. Why, in one salon in Cordova there are pictures by Alonzo Cano, Murillo, Landelle and Bouguereau." "Yes?" responded Mr. Smith. "Well, I don't seem to recall much about the

"I suppose you liked Madrid better?" remarked Mrs. Barnes. "Yes; Madrid, as you know, is a famous city."

"Certainly. You doubtless remember Pradilla's wonderful painting of Queen Juana, which is owned by the city?" "No," replied Mr. Smith, briefly. And he looked at Mrs. Barnes in undisguised ly of different continental hotels.

change the subject, but Mrs. Barnes insisted on pointing out to the two gentlemen how little they had really seen, excatch some trout, but did not get any. plaining carefully the wonderful paint-ings they had missed and the famous Mr. Smith took his departure, with an inward vow never to introduce the subject of foreign travel again.

"When werelyou abroad, my dear?" Mr. Barnes asked, as soon as his friend had disappeared. "Never," was the smiling reply, "but we have several guide-books in the house and I decided that as you and Mr. Smith preferred to talk out of them I would talk, too. I have read them

very carefully and I presume many of your friends have enjoyed the same privilege."

"I hope not," said Mr. Barnes, but the ingenious reproof had the desired

Friendly Advice.

Burglar-"Don't shoot!" Householder (angrily)—"Why should-n't I shoot? You came here to rob, and if necessary, to murder." "Just so. I ought to be shot, and as you've got the drop on me, you can do it, but for your own sake, I advise you not to."

"Why not, pray?"
"First, the shot will call the police, who will rush in, smash whichever head they find up and that will be yours; second, you'll be hurried off to a filthy

"Here take it. Burglars come cheaper than lawyers."—N. Y. Weekly. The Musical Critic.

Wool-I had our friend, the musical critic, with me at Hobokenhurst two or three days last week.

Van Pelt-Enjoyed himself, didn't Wool-Not a bit; the robins insisted on singing every morning when it was perfectly clear to him that they didn't

know the first thing about music .-

Wrote an Essay on Pants.

A boy in the Wichita schools has been suspended for reading the following

essay on pants: "Pants are made for men and not men for pants. Pants are like molassesthey are thinner in hot weather and thicker in cold. The man in the moon changes his pants during the eclipse. Don't go to the pantry for pants; you might be mistaken.

"There has been much discussion as to whether pants is singular or plural. Seems to us when men wear pants they are plural and when they don't wear

The Fuse Was Too Long.

A writer in the Washington Star gives his experience in the coal mines luring the strike. He says: "The two days I spent in the Hocking valley taught me a lesson in regard to the miners being thoroughly reckless. There was a coal train coming up the valley, the engineer, fireman and trainmen being known to every one of the little band of strikers that had collected at a wooden bridge over which the train must pass. The trainmen had not

received orders to quit and were gritty

and had determined to put the train

through. Several militiamen were on

the train and kept back the strikers.

where Mrs. Sinclair met us in the drawing-room and played and sung to us. She had a delicate touch and sung with sympathetic feeling. 'Strangers Yet,' and 'Kathleen Mavourneen' were two of her favorite songs, she delighted in music that appeals to the emotions. I saw tears course down my father's

Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

OUGHT TO SEE HIS PARTNER, isen Well Used Up in a Bear Fight, but

A man who looked as if he had been trying to hug the cylinder of a threshing machine when it was in motion was seen offering a pack of fure to a dealer

"You are rather late getting your furs to market," said a Portland Oregonian reporter who happened to be present. "Yes," was the reply, "but I have been laid up and could not get to town be-fore."

"What has been the matter with you, asked the reporter, who was anxious to know how the man had been so fearful-

ly scratched. "The matter with me was an attack of 'bear," "You had it bad, judging from your

looks. "Yes, I had it bad and no mistake, out you just ought to see my partner. "Is he in a worse fix than you?" "A great deal worse. He had so much meat soratched off one side of him

that he has to carry a weight in his jacket pocket to enable him to walk straight." The sale of the furs having been con

pleted the old trapper was asked for the story of his encounter with the town only the trouble we had in getting He said his name was Hans Olsen that he lived on the edge of the big burn in Clackamas county, and he went out on the head waters of the Clacka-

mas trapping with Peter Hansen, who lives in the same section. They had good luck for a while, caught many minks, some fishers, and found a swamp and small lake where there "No," replied Mr. Smith, briefly. And he looked at Mrs. Barnes in undisguised astonishment as she continued to praise or criticise the attractions of foreign

After a while he snow became so cities, asking Mr. Barnes his opinion of the several modes of travel between around, and could not get out of the places of interest and speaking familiar- mountains at all. Then provisions ran

y of different continental hotels.

Mr. Smith finally endeavored to kill something to eat. They went out On their way home toward night, as they were crossing a little ravine on a localities they had left unvisited. At fallen tree, Olsen slipped and fell near last at a somewhat later hour than usual the roots of the tree and came down plump into a bear's den. The bear was very lively for an animal supposed to be aslesp, and at once attacked him. He had a knife and a small hatchet in his belt, and he got out the hatchet and began to chop and yell. Hansen, who was behind, had a gun, but he was afraid to fire down in the dark for fear of killing his friend, and at length, drawing his knife, jumped down with him and the bear. There was a lively time there for a while, and the fur and clothing and flesh flew, but finally Han-

sen, who was the worst used up man of the two, managed to reach a vital spot with his knife. The bear keeled over and the two trappers keeled over also. They man-aged to make a little fire with some of the leaves and twigs from the bear's nest, and there was ple-y of rags to bandage their wounds, for they were all rags. It was several days before they could crawl to their camp with a hunk of the bear's flesh, which had been

their only food during their stay in the den. Olsen says he intends to go trap-ping again, but he never wants to meet nother bear in his own den again. His partner, Hansen, is able to walk around and go down to the creek and catch a few trout and look after the bee

Summing Him Up.

"You don't mean to say the cashier has gone?"
"Yes," replied the bank official. "Dear me! He has such a pleasing

appearance."
"Yes. And such a displeasing disappearance."—Washington Star. Thinking of the Ex-Boss.

McNiven-In these times it is hard not to be a croaker. O'Tools—Be gobs, if we had his pull wid the police, the times wouldn't be hard for us!—N. Y. World.

WAS A CAREFUL DRUMMER. He Wouldn't Give Medical Advice Unless He Was Fully Protected.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

Insurance a Specialty.

Ho! Good people of Portage County! Do

"Excuse me," said the little man with the pointed chin-whiskers to the man reading a magazine in the seat across

resuling a magazine in the seat across the airle, "but I've been suffering with toothache for the last hour."

"Yes, I suspected it," was the reply.

"And I didn't know, being you are a drummer, but that you might have something in your grip to alleviate the infernal nuisance."

"Yes I was have Lat's see I have

"Yes, I may have. Let's see. I have peppermint essenee, laudanum, Jamaica ginger, pain-killer, ammonia, alcohol and——"

"I'll try the pain-killer, if you will be

"Yes. Wait a minute, please,"
The man of the grip opened it and took out a pencil and paper and wrote a few lines and passed the paper over

with the remark: "Sign that, please. It is simply a statement that you will not hold me or my heirs financially responsible in case anything happens to you through my remedies."

"Rather odd document that," said the "Rather odd document that," said the man behind him as the chap with the toothache sat down to dose his tooth.

"Well, maybe," replied the drummer, "but it's only a matter of prudence, after all. Three years ago, down at Medina, a stranger came to me on the depot platform suffering with the toothache. It was at night and I had no remedies handy. I suggested that I tie a string around the aching tooth and pull it out and after a little he consented.

"And what?"

"And what?" "I got a piece of fishline around that tooth, got a firm hold of the string and then told him to jump off the platform. Oh! That was a sad night for me!" "Did the tooth come?"

"Did the string break?"
"No. I braced myself for the shock and he jumped, and the next thing I knew I held his head on the end of that

string."
"You don't mean that it pulled his read off?" "I certainly do, sir. Yes, pulled his head right off and left it dangling on the string. It was really no affair of mine, but I got a doctor and the Coroner and rode in the front hack at his funeral and used up nearly a week of my valuable time. And how was I re-warded?"

"How? Why, his relatives ought to be eternally grateful to you." "Y-e-s, I know, but I don't think they will be. His wife sued me for \$20,000 damages for holding the string, and after two years of lawing it I settled with her for \$9,000. That was the sort

of gratitude I met with!"

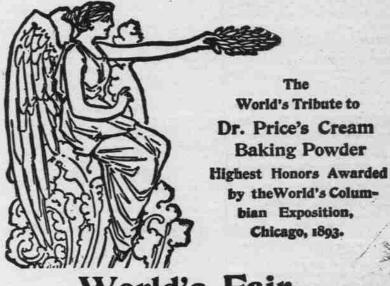
"Great Scott! but you don't mean it?"
gasped the man. "Why, that was an outrage worthy of the days of Nero."

"Yes, but I had to submit. It won't happen again, however. I'm willing to help a sufferer, but he must absolve me from all legal responsibility. I am now about to take a nip of brandy. If you will sign a paper that you took it of your own free will, and that neither you nor your heirs will hold me—"
"Thank you, but I don't care for brandy. Jewhittaker — gee, but it wasn't four hours ago that I sdvised a man to touch up his liver with old rum, cayenne pepper and vinegar. 'Spozen it knocks the socks off'n him! Say, please excuse me, won't you? We are just coming to Grafton, and I'll drop off and telegraph him to let his liver go to blazes and consult a regular doctor. I've learned something, I have, and I'll make that telegraph so hot it'll set fire to half the poles on the way!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Grim Visitor.

Minister (at the bedside)—"My poor friend, are you prepared for the com-ing of the grim visitor?" Dying Man—"No! no! I——" "Even now he is knocking at the door

"He? Whom do you mean?"
"The Angel of Death."
"Oh, that's all right, then! I thought you were referring to my wife's moth-



World's Fair Medal and Diploma awarded to

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

The highest award was given on every claim, comprising superiority in leavening power, keeping properties, purity and excellence. This verdict has been given by the best jury ever assembled for such a purpose, backed by the recommendation of the Chief Chemist of the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., who made an elaborate examination and test of all the baking powders. This is pre-eminently the highest authority on such matters in

This verdict conclusively settles the question and proves that Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is superior in every way to any other brand.

Norg.—The Chief Chemist rejected the Alum baking powders, stating to the World's Fair jury that he considered them unwholesome.

